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P O E M S.

BY THE LATE

THOMAS LORD LYTTELTON.

— K
TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A Sketch of his LORDSHIP'S Character.

A NEW EDITION, Corrected.

L O N D O N:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, N° 46, in FLEET-STREET.

1780.

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L O N D O N

JOHN G. ALLEN, 14, Bedford Street, Strand.

1880

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TO THE READER.

AS the singular abilities of the Noble Author of these *flights of fancy* were so generally confessed, it is unnecessary to attempt to enhance their merit; there is scarcely a line in the collection which does not bear testimony of its origin. The places and dates are also strong corroborations to such of his friends as he corresponded with on his last journey across the Alps. His style was so elegant, and his ideas so animated, that spurious productions would be immediately detected.

As a just tribute to his abilities, let us lament that fate stopped his journey among men so precipitately, whilst he was giving such evident proofs of his becoming (what, alas! is now difficult to meet) a real friend to this almost devoted country.

The Editor of these Poems had the honour of his Lordship's friendship, which terminated only with his death. He knew him both in his convivial hours, and those which were more rationally employed. The superiority of his abilities were always acknowledged; and the goodness of his heart, for the last three years of his life, became as conspicuous as the excellency of his head.

A

For

TO THE READER.

A. S. the Reader will find of the Public Author of
these Papers, many more to be published, and
it is necessary to attempt to enhance their value;
there is a large collection of MSS. which have
not been returned, and which will be published
dates and also strong contributions to the
friends as he corresponded with on his last journey
across the Alps. His life was interesting and his
to indicate that his papers should be given to a
modestly detailed.

A. S. will tribute to his memory, and to the
late Joseph his journey across the Alps, and
while he was giving such a good account of his
being (what, what is now, and to what a
friend to his almost devoted country.

The Editor of these Papers had the honor of the
London's friendship, which remains, and to
death. He knew that in his country, and
and that which were more valuable to him. The
importance of his abilities and of his country, and
and the friends of his country, for the country
of his country, and to the country
of his country.

For the three last Poems in this Collection, and the following sketch of the noble Lord's Character, the Publisher is indebted to a Gentleman who had been his intimate companion for many years, and now mourns his loss.

HOW comes it that the world is more just to the *dead* than to the *living*, and that the injustice which the *latter* meet with upon earth is often in proportion to their merit? Is it that *possession* renders us less sensible of their value, and we become convinced of their importance only by their *loss*? or is it that malevolence and detraction will not suffer them to enjoy undisturbed that applause which posterity never fails to pay to the memory of departed genius? Which ever of these may be the cause of our neglect of living merit, this truth is certain, that the envy or ingratitude which men of talents and integrity meet with from their cotemporaries, renders them less anxious to exert themselves in the service of their country, and too frequently deprives us of those abilities, which, if properly encouraged, would have been, perhaps, of equal ornament and advantage to us. If it were necessary to demonstrate this truth, the history of mankind, from the time of *Homer* down to the present moment, abounds with innumerable instances of great and exalted characters being suffered either to pass through life unnoticed, or marked with unmerited

odium. Rank and abilities afford no protection from calumny; but, on the contrary, provoke it in proportion as they are more or less conspicuous.

The noble author of the following Poems was a recent proof of the justice of these observations. Perhaps there never was a man of whose real character the world knew so little, and yet has said so much. No man experienced more illiberality; few men deserved it less.

Open and ingenuous in his disposition, he soon became disgusted at the hypocrisy of mankind; and, trusting less to appearances than to the integrity of his intentions, no wonder that he attracted the censure of the age. His Lordship was passionately devoted to the pleasures arising from a commerce with the other sex; which, and his love of play, are the two grand crimes from which the fertile invention of his numerous libellers have produced a variety of inferior offences, with a view to blacken and defame his character.

His love of women, it has been said, has led him to seduce and debauch the artless virgin and unexperienced wife; while his passion for play has been attributed to avarice and to poverty. In the pursuit of the one, no arts have been left unattempted to obtain the confidence and affection of the unsuspecting female; in the other, it has been asserted, that fraud and meanness have both been practised to ensure success.

Less cautious in his amours than a more *prudent*,
though

though not a *less* guilty, man would be, it is not at all extraordinary that his Lordship should have met with obloquy and reproaches, since there is no situation in life which will admit of an avowed contempt of vulgar prejudices. Without entering into the wide field of ethics, or attempting to justify the incontinence of one sex at the expence of the other, we may surely venture to affirm, that men do not consider themselves obliged to observe the laws of chastity. Legislators, indeed, have made no distinction between the sexes. Laws have been enacted to restrain both : but how comes it that they are never enforced against the one, while, to their vengeance, that of popular odium is added, whenever the other sex indulge in unlicensed love ?

This question is not intended to excuse libertinism, but merely to remind the enemies of his Lordship, that he ought to have the same latitude for his offences as is allowed to the rest of mankind. As to the other charges, respecting his Lordship's love of play, they are as groundless as they are malicious. No man ever played fairer : and this justice has been done him even by those who have lost, and who are the most likely to have discovered, or at least to have suggested, that he was guilty of foul play : neither is it possible to practice tricks at the clubs and in the societies which his Lordship frequented. It belongs only to the inferior class of gamblers, who, pursuing play as a *means of subsistence*, and not as a matter of *amusement*, sculk among the taverns and coffeehouses ; and,

in

in the convivial hours of mirth and inebriety, take advantage of inexperienced youth. This formed no part of his Lordship's character: he was affable to all; scrupulously honest; and generous to many. Those who were honoured with his friendship will not hesitate to do him this justice: and though his love of women, and of play, rendered him less attentive to the discharge of those important duties which his exalted rank in the state had imposed upon him; yet his passion for both was on the decline, when a premature death, unfortunately for this country, terminated his existence. If his Lordship had applied himself in the early part of his life seriously to business, there can be no doubt but, from his great abilities, he would have held the first department in the state: but genius and application are incompatible; and it was not till he arrived at that period of life, when the dissipations of the world cease to govern and amuse us, that we could in reason expect to derive any advantage from the exertions of his talents.

His Lordship, however, resolved to devote his future life to the service of his country, had given mankind an undeniable testimony of his patriotism: but the period which marked his emancipation from the fetters of pleasure and of indolence, also marked his dissipation.

This is no fulsome panegyric, but the unaffected testimony of a man, who revered his Lordship when living, and who sincerely laments his loss as a public misfortune.

THE

T H E
S T A T E O F E N G L A N D ,

In the Year 2199.

AND now through broken paths and rugged ways,
Uncultivated regions, we advanc'd
Tow'rds fam'd Augusta's towers, on the Thames
(Whose clear broad stream glides smoothly thro' the
vale)

Embank'd; and, stretching o'er the level plain,
For many a mile her gilded spires were seen,
While Britain yet was free.—Alas, how chang'd!
How fallen from that envy'd height! what time
She rul'd the subject nations, and beheld
The Spaniard crouch beneath her spear, and all
The Gallic lilies crimson'd o'er with blood.
Extinguish'd are their glories; and her sun,
That once enlighten'd Europe with his beams,

Sunk

Sunk in the west, is set, and ne'er again
 Shall o'er Britannia spread his orient rays!
 These were my thoughts, whilst through a falling heap
 Of shapeless ruins, far and wide diffus'd,
 Paul's great cathedral, from her solid base,
 High tow'ring to the sky, by Heav'n's command,
 Amidst the universal waste, preserv'd,
 Struck my astonish'd view! A fabric huge,
 Of nobler structure than e'er Babylon,
 Or glorious Rome within her marbled walls,
 Cou'd boast in days of yore; before the Goth,
 With barb'rous hand, and uncontrouled sway,
 Crush'd furious her magnificence, and swept
 Temple and tow'r down to the ground. For not
 The fam'd pantheon, or the sculptur'd dome
 Of great Semiramis, nor holier fane
 Of once inspir'd Judea, to the eye
 Of speculative wonder did present
 A more admir'd or admirable view!
 On this fair object my fix'd eye was kept
 In pleasing meditation; whilst my guide,
 A poor emaciate Briton, led me on
 Through streets, and squares, and falling palaces,
 (Where here and there a habitant was seen),
 To where stood once, amongst the peopled town,
 Th' Exchange of London; where the golden streams
 Of vivid commerce, from the trading winds
 Levant and Ponent, north and south effus'd,
 Were in a centre fix'd: where, ev'ry day,
 Ten thousand merchants, learned in the art

Of

Of nursing and improving wealth, conven'd,
 To settle on the wide and stable base
 Of liberty, and public good, their own
 And happy England's welfare — Then the pride
 Of the commercial world; whose trade spread on
 From southern Orelan to the banks
 Of cold Estotiland: from sultry climes,
 And freezing regions, over distant seas,
 Brought gather'd wealth and Asian treasures home.
 Now onward we proceed into a field
 O'ergrown with rank and noisome weeds: and here
 The honest Briton, wiping from his eye
 The starting tear, in broken sobs of grief,
 And mingled indignation, thus exclaim'd. —
 " In this unwholesome fen, by the foul toad
 " And eyeless newt inhabited, *once* stood
 " The bank and treasury of England, fill'd
 " With shining heaps of beaten gold; a sum
 " That wou'd have beggar'd all the petty states
 " Of Europe to have rais'd. Here half the wealth
 " Of Mexique and Peru was pour'd; and hence
 " Diffus'd in many a copious stream, was spread
 " To distant towns and cities, and enrich'd
 " Industrious commerce through the polish'd land.
 " But now, alas! not e'en a trace remains,
 " Not e'en a ruin of the spacious pile;
 " Raz'd ev'n with the dust, by the joint hand
 " Of the avenging multitude, what time
 " The fall of public credit, that had long
 " Totter'd upon her airy base, involv'd,

" In sudden and promiscuous ruin, all
 " The great commercial world. — Then fell,
 " Struck to the heart by dark Corruption's arms,
 " The British Lion: — then the Flower de Lis
 " Wav'd high on London's tower; — and then sunk,
 " Beneath the tyrant's bloody hand, the last
 " Remaining spark of LIBERTY. — A dire
 " And dreadful revolution! O my poor,
 " My ruin'd country! Long thou wast the pride
 " And dread of nations; far above the rest
 " Happy and great; nor could the envious foe
 " Subdue thy warlike sons, but 'twas thyself
 " That kill'd thyself. — O memory, that wounds
 " My agonizing breast! — O grief of heart,
 " That overturns all patience!" — Thus much
 His plaintive voice was heard; the rest was choak'd
 By sighs, and groans, that would have mov'd the heart
 Of savage rage to pity. Much I griev'd
 At Britain's downfall. — Thought revolv'd on thought;
 And my rapt mind was held in fix'd suspense
 And melancholy musing, but soon rous'd
 By an unusual sound. — The whistling wind
 Mutter'd a hollow groan; the thicken'd sky,
 Like a dark vault, portentous flood: — a blaze
 Of reddest lightning shot across the gloom;
 The thunder rais'd his dreadful roar; and, close
 Before my astonish'd eyes, a phantom stood,
 In shape and gesture like a warrior old,
 Of aspect gaunt and grim: his grizzly beard,
 And swarthy face, were all besmear'd with dust

And

And clotted gore; his sable armour, pierc'd
 With many a shaft, upon his bruised limbs
 And aged body, seem'd a useless load.
 In his right hand he held a broken spear,
 And in his left a moulder'd scroll, whereon
 The words of MAGNA CHARTA were engrav'd
 In bloody characters. — Silent a while
 The horrid phantom stood; then with a voice
 That sounded like the deaf'ning sea, whose waves
 Roll tumbling to the distant shore, and break
 Their boist'rous heads upon the stoney beach,
 (E'en such a deep and doleful murmur struck
 My trembling ears), — the spectre thus began: —
 " Know ye not me? or is my alter'd form
 " So darken'd by the rude affails of time,
 " As not a ray of majesty breaks forth?
 " Know ye not me? Ye knew me once, and hail'd
 " My sov'reign pow'r, when forth from Britain sent
 " My fleets and armies hover'd o'er your coasts;
 " When, like an eagle o'er her new-fledg'd brood,
 " I watch'd your infant-colonies, and spread
 " My parent-wings over your growing state,
 " Then rising tow'rds maturity. — Time was,
 " When vex'd and harrafs'd by the venom'd point
 " Of the remorseless INDIAN's lance, you try'd,
 " With ineffectual policy, to stop
 " His rapid course, mark'd by the streaming blood
 " Of half your forlorn scatter'd tribe! — Then I,
 " Moved by your laments and piercing cries,
 " Rais'd my protective shield, and on the foe

" Let loose my British Lion ; whose swift rage
 " Struck conquest back, and, deep within his woods,
 " The wild AMERICAN pursu'd, and caught
 " The fullen savage in his dark retreat.—
 " I am *that* warlike spirit that once inspir'd
 " And rul'd victorious Britain : I am *he*
 " Who bad old Ocean own my sway, and forc'd
 " Reluctant Europe to attend my laws ! —
 " Then on my favour'd island Heav'n dispens'd
 " Blessings accumulate ; wealth roll'd along
 " Pactolian treasures, wealth with plenty crown'd
 " By fruitful commerce. — ASIA's golden towns,
 " Rich with Barbaric spoils and gorgeous gems,
 " Were ranfack'd of their glitt'ring ore : and *thou*,
 " Sovereign AMERICA ! with duteous care,
 " Gav'st thy accustom'd tribute, and help'd fill
 " That horn of plenty, whose collected stores
 " All nations and all climes increas'd ; what time
 " The sacred fire of liberty inflam'd
 " The patriot's breast ; what time, with ardent zeal
 " For glory and the public weal inspir'd,
 " PITT thunder'd in the senate ; whose rais'd voice,
 " More puissant than the lyre of Orpheus, strung
 " The warrior's nerveless arm, and could alone
 " Revive extinguish'd glory's flame, which long
 " Had slept in torpid indolence, till then,
 " Waked by resistless eloquence, it burst—
 " Like Jove's own lightning, fear'd the Fleurs de Lis,
 " And Gallia's laurels wither'd in their bloom !
 " That, BRITANNIA, was thy brightest day ! and then

The

“ The eternal blazon was enroll’d, and there
 “ Stopt at his fated gaol : thy genius felt
 “ Some greater pow’r’s strong hand ; for soon
 “ Voluptuous vice, and soul-dissolving ease,
 “ With luxury her handmaid, o’er the land
 “ Contagious spread their influence malign,
 “ And in Lethean slumbers clos’d the eyes
 “ Of ever-watchful Liberty, and bound
 “ The goddess fast in golden chains. — Then sunk
 “ The languid period on the patriot’s tongue ;
 “ And in smooth accents, and delusive wiles,
 “ The hollow statesman taught th’ obedient crowd
 “ Of corrupt hirelings, the slavish code
 “ Of base Italian policy ; receiv’d
 “ With acclamation by th’ inglorious train
 “ Of worthless legislators ! — The sad change
 “ GAUL, with delighted eye, beheld, and bade
 “ Her drooping sons rejoice ; bade haughty SPAIN
 “ Insult that standard, which, by EDWARD’s hands,
 “ Was rais’d o’er Paris’ captive tow’rs, and since
 “ From Porto-Bello, and rich Cuba’s walls,
 “ Th’ amaz’d Peruvian saw, and felt a dawn
 “ Of cheering hope shoot through his conscious soul !
 “ From this black æra, in prone ruin sunk
 “ The loosen’d pillars of the state, and all
 “ The great machine of empire, that was rais’d
 “ By liberty and wholesome laws, fell down,
 “ And crush’d its weak supporters ! weak and blind
 “ By Dalilean charms. — Then anarchy,
 “ And wild misrule, tore the divided land

By

" By civil strife ; from whose atrocious scars
 " Men turn'd their fated eyes, and sought relief
 " From absolute potential rule : but soon
 " The stern vindictive Spaniard, with the false
 " Dissembling Frenchman, in full league combin'd,
 " In triumph led the wretched slaves, and bow'd
 " Their necks accustom'd to the yoke of vile
 " Opprobrious bondage ! then, forrowing, drank
 " Of Misery's baleful cup the bitter dregs
 " Crest-fallen Albion ! and, from that dark hour,
 " Ceas'd to be deem'd a nation.— But just Heav'n
 " Had mark'd the victor's course, and still design'd
 " To crush his full-blown fortunes by thy hand,
 " Puissant AMERICA ! whose gen'rous sons,
 " From British fathers sprung, have rais'd thy name
 " Beyond the Greek and Roman fame, and shall
 " Extend thy empire to the utmost bounds
 " Of this GLOBE. — All nations shall thee hail ;
 " All people own thy sov'reign's rule ; and long,
 " Long shall he reign over the subject earth,
 " And only sink with the dissolving world."
 This said, the welkin once more overcast,
 With horrid rush Borean meteors dart,
 And fell discordant din like clang of arms
 Rent distant skies, whilst high clouds echoed groans
 Of dying warriors. — Trapp'd by Gallic wiles,
 Americ's fallen sons, now leagu'd in pact
 Unnat'ral, greet Spain's sov'reign's ragged staff,
 And crouch to Gallic Machiavelian laws :
 Like Nero, drench their hands in mother's blood ;

Like

Like Macbeth's sanguine spot, entail a stain
 Indelible on their posterity :
 Thus savage, forge such temper'd manacles
 As e'en grim time shall scarce asunder break.
 With mad'ning frenzy they unthinking raise
 A double crown o'er Gallia's faded Lis ;
 Whose sovereign, perfidious, soon will lay
 Their boasted THIRTEEN STRIPES on their own backs,
 With iron rod of dire despotic sway ;
 For wily France, and haughty Spain, in one
 Dark compact join'd, will soon throw off the mask,
 And then divide the spoil — AMERICA. —
 Convuls'd in conflict the grim warrior stood ;
 Then gave a mighty ghastly beck'ning nod
 To Britain's poor emaciate son, and said :
 " Where is thy vaunted Lion's valour now ?
 " Where are those laurels which grac'd Britain's brow ?
 " Where are those val'rous brothers of this land,
 " Who durst, in days of yore, each conflict stand ?
 " Rush, call them forth, and rouse them from their
 sleep ;
 " Shout, *Britain shall for ages rule the deep !*
 " From north to south each cape perceive her sway !
 " Once more in dust the combin'd banners lay
 " Of France and Spain, who wish to rule the coast,
 " And boast of battles that were never lost.
 " Join hearts and hands : O let it ne'er be said,
 " That Britain family-compacts e'er did dread.
 " The haughty Spaniard shall first feel the smart
 " Of Gallia's ill-laid projects and vile art :

" Next

" Next France, with inland conflicts 'sunder torn,
 " Till times no more their ill success may mourn.
 " In Asia they shall shortly have no hold,
 " But be expell'd by British Lion bold.
 " Cuba and Mexique soon will take th' alarm,
 " And 'gainst despotic rule themselves they'll arm;
 " Then spurn disdainful Spain's sharp-lording wand,
 " And drive that Sov'reign's minions from the land.
 " Americans and Britons, the same thing,
 " Sprung from one oaken trunk, rul'd by one king,
 " Combin'd, may conquer worlds as yet unknown,
 " And make confed'rates for their crimes atone.
 " Russia's your friend; to you she'll e'er prove true;
 " With contempt gen'rous the vile compact view:
 " You've other allies too, who aloof stand,
 " And watch the fate of this devoted land.
 " Then let no party's rage contentious blast
 " What fortune's lot into your laps has cast:
 " Support your sov'reign's rights, and country's laws;
 " Britons can ne'er unite in better cause.
 " This is the last advice I can them give:
 " If well observ'd, they still may happy live;
 " And then with cheerful voice hosannas sing,
 " Cheer wives and children, and hail great George
 their King.

March 21. 1771.

To

To Lady CAT---N A--NS--Y, on her departure
for Ireland.

SO may old Nereus smoothe the swelling tide,
While you, like Venus, o'er the billows glide;
So may soft zephyrs fill your curled sails,
And the sweet south attend with prosperous gales.
May Cupid gambol on the level deep,
And rougher Boreas in his caverns sleep.
But I, alas! fix'd on this hated shore,
With eyes enamour'd, perhaps shall view no more
That blaze of beauty, whose excessive light,
With giddy rapture, dims the aching sight.
O daughter of the rose! O matchless pride
Of nature! lovelier than the Spartan bride!
For thee contending nations might indeed,
For better reason than Achaia bleed.
Cou'd Argive Helen's meretricious charms
Light up all Greece, and fire the world to arms?
And must we tamely suffer and deplore
The loss of thee, our Helen, now no more?
The fun of chivalry is set, the age
Of heroes past and sunk, that noble rage
Which urg'd Ulysses through the stormy main,
And spurr'd Tydides to the Phrygian plain.
Who now his sword in such a quarrel draws?
What Greek, what Trojan, in a woman's cause?

Go then, thou rising sun ; and happy those
 On whom thou shin'st, on whom thy radiance glows !
 Go then, thou rising sun ; and in the west
 Be all thy glories, all thy powers confest !
 Thou com'st—the clouds disperse ; th' enlighten'd
 sky

Paints the clear sea with gold and azure dye !
 Thou com'st—a sudden fragrance fills the breeze,
 And vivid freshness blossoms o'er the trees !
 At thy approach fresh springing flow'rets blow,
 The lilies whiten, and the roses glow !
 At thy approach, each pearl of orient dew
 Is purpled over with a rainbow hue !
 But chief on man thy influence bland be shown :
 Lo, the fierce savage kerns * before the throne
 Of dazzling beauty, trembling to espy
 The liquid light'nings playing in your eye !
 But when thy voice divine, to their rude ear,
 Sounds yet unheard and heav'nly strains shall bear,
 In stupid rapture list'ning they shall stand,
 As if enchanted by the puissant wand
 Of Thracian Hermes ; whose all-pow'ful spell
 The brindled tyger felt, and, couching, fell
Harmless and innocent of blood.
 Thus they, like men long blind, restor'd to day,
 Shall gaze and wonder at the glitt'ring ray ;
 Then shall their barbarous minds and souls unbroke,
 Receive, obedient, beauty's golden yoke :

* An Irish term for a foot-soldier.

But

But when the monster-race, by thee subdu'd,
 Shall with soft manners be at length endu'd;
 When the wild native of Camolin's steep
 Shall howl no longer to the western deep;
 When thou, thy mission done, with lib'ral hand
 Hast sown politeness through the savage land;
 Return again! for thou wast never made
 To bloom and wither in th' unheeded shade
 Of Gothic darkness; but to spread around
 Thy virgin sweetness in a richer ground,
 But should some youth, with bold intrepid face,
 And brawny limbs, sprung from the hardy race
 Of old *Milesians*, with aspiring aim,
 Ixion-like, confess an impious flame;
 Should he, with rash attempt, invade your charms,
 And, madly rushing, leap into your arms;
 O never may his hand impure profane
 Venus' fair temple, and chaste Dian's fane!
 But when, made drunk by love, th'advent'rous boy
 Shall fondly snatch at the forbidden joy,
 May you elusive sink from his embrace,
 And colour'd shadows fill the vacant space;
 Then to the world be it proclaim'd aloud,
 He seiz'd a goddess, but possess'd a cloud,

To G——E ED——D Ays——GH, Esq;

From Venice, the 20th of July 1770.

FROM gentler climates, and from vernal skies,
 Where fam'd Venetia's sea-girt turrets rise;
 Where, 'midst the spumy wave and circling deep,
 The loves and graces constant revels keep;
 Where policy has fix'd her throne, and reigns
 O'er subject nations and o'er conquer'd plains;
 Accept, O much-lov'd youth! these votive lays;
 I sue thy friendship, and to thee I raise }
 The verse spontaneous, though I flight the bays.
 By froward fate and ill-starr'd fortune rul'd,
 And yet a child by early suff'ring school'd,
 To manhood grown, by rougher labours steel'd,
 Fix'd is my spirit, and disdains to yield
 To hostile fury, or the snaky wiles
 Of the pretended friend, who stabbing smiles.
 In vain the low'ring prospect darker grows,
 And future ills in black perspective shows:
 Who lives a free man, happy lives; too wise
 To fear, or court, the goddess without eyes.
 Me if she tempts, I'll seize the willing dame,
 Rattle her sweets, and fan her fickle flame:
 But when she spreads her gaudy wings, I'll view,
 Unmov'd, her flight, nor stop her, nor pursue.

To-

To-day is mine; this *now* I will enjoy,
 And steep each sense in sweet oblivious joy:
 To-day is fair, to-morrow storms arise,
 The tempest rages, and the lightning flies:
 In vain fierce whirlwinds howl, loud thunders roar;
 What's past is past; nor can the god restore
 The wasted hours, or tarnish past delight,
 And call back Time's irrevocable flight!
 Thus I, my friend, thro' life's tempestuous tide,
 Will catch the breezes, and the blast outside;
 Whether on England's or Italia's shore,
 Studios of ease by philosophic lore,

Hardly obtain'd!

Till spent by age, or seiz'd by violent death,
 Back to the dust returns the fleeting breath.
 Yet not till this poor hand, my friend, shall be
 A mould'ring emblem of mortality;
 Nor till the ebbing blood shall cease to beat,
 And the heart lose all her enliv'ning heat,
 Will I, unworthy of thy love, forget
 The grateful dues of Friendship's sacred debt:
 But if it fate so wills from the cold grave,
 Man from the brute a spark divine shall save,
 Shall from the grasp of death, escap'd on high,
 Wing her bold flight, and seek her native sky;
 Then shall our friendship triumph still, and prove
 The nobler movements of angelic love.
 This as it may be: but, whilst here on earth,
 Let us be mindful of our humble birth;

Enjoy

Enjoy the good, and arm our stubborn breast
 With steely patience, waiting for the rest
 And sleep of death, life's tedious journey o'er,
 When toil, and pain, and grief, shall be no more.
 And know, dear youth, that virtuous deeds alone
 Outlive the wounded bras or sculptur'd stone ;
 That virtue, sole immortal friend to man,
 Can build his glory 'bove this shadowy span
 Of infant-being, and to endless fame
 Lift up a mortal's perishable name :
 And here below, the noblest work of God
 Is a good man oppress'd by th' iron rod
 Of tyrant rule ; whose firm mind will not bow
 From her fix'd basis ; and whose settled brow,
 Unchang'd by Fortune's frowns, shall bravely bear
 What lesser minds wou'd suffer and despair !
He above change, and chance, and strife, and hate,
 Obnoxious shall remain to evil fate !
 Serenely great, *He* from his height shall view
 The wand'ring, erring, sinful, madd'ning crew,
 With eye contemplative ; and keen shall trace
 Where, in the paths of vice, the human race
 Throng multitudinous ;—by folly led,
 To swift destruction are the wretches sped !
 Whilst *He*, belov'd of Jove, beholds from far
 The growing tumults, and the mingled war.
 O may at length kind Heav'n my tired feet
 Rest from their labours in that blest retreat !
 O may at length my anxious mind pervade
 That *holy temple* and thrice *hallow'd shade* !

Where,

Where, under Wisdom's wings, divine repose
 The best of men, exempt from mortal woes;
 Where, in a golden stream from Heav'n let down,
 Thy Voice is heard, thy sacred strains are known,

Urania!

Thou, whom the muse-inspir'd attends! whose tongue,
 With sounds ineffable seraphic hung,
 Charms the delighted gods by harmony,
 Drawing celestial wisdom from the sky!
 Vouchsafe on me a ray benign to shed
 Of that immortal light, whose beams, outspread
 Beyond created worlds, flame round th'Almighty's
 head. }

An ODE, written under the Statue of CUPID,
 in HAGLEY GARDENS.

TO him whose genial wings outspread
 O'er chaos wild abyfs,
 From wild confusion order bred,
 And bade the hubbub cease:

To him who from th'Eternal sprung,
 Coeval with his fire;
 To him on whose harmonious tongue
 Dwells more than human fire:

To

To him whose mild, whose puissant sway,
 The varied world obeys;
 To Love I raise the votive lay;
 To Love I give the bays.

AN IRREGULAR ODE,

Wrote at Vicenza, in Italy, the 20th of August
 1770.

STANZA FIRST.

HENCE ireful Spleen, and foul envenom'd Hate;
 Hence stern Ambition, and low-plotting Care!
 And thou the mother of Despair,
 With yellow eyes and matted hair,
 And brows that threaten fate!
Thou whose viperian tooth and scorpion fangs
 Afflict the tortur'd soul with keenest pangs;
 Whose baleful kenn, and aspect dire,
 Like the red stars' impending fire,
 A thousand horrors can impart
 To the labouring, trembling heart;
 Far from these happy climes, and purer sky,
 Avert thy raven wings, and sudden fly
 Back to thy native hell, foul Jealousy!

STAN-

STANZA SECOND.

But hither wafted on th' Hesperian gale,
 That, born in flow'ry Tempe's painted vale,
 O'er isles of fragrance flies;
 Come, mild Affection, gentle as the breeze
 Which am'rous zephyr blows upon the trees!
 Come, soothing pow'r of soft voluptuous ease!
 Come, and with thee bring
 The lovely boy of heav'nly race,
 Whose eyes like lightning shine;
 Whose glowing cheek, whose ardent face,
 Inflames my breast like wine!

STANZA THIRD.

He whose empurpled azure wings diffuse
 Nectar'd sweetness all around;
 He whom the graces haunt, and the young muse
 With myrtle chaplets crown'd;
 Follows with frolic step, and from his artless lyre
 Calls forth th' unbidden strain;
 Hark, she strikes the vocal strings!
 How she sweeps the trembling wire;
 Now the chords resound again,
 Love and love's disport she sings,
 Hail to the genial God!
 Behold he comes—before him young Desire,
 And pink-ey'd Bacchus reels along;
 The brindled tyger, and the spotted snake,
 And the mingled sportive throng
 Of hairy satyrs, and of wood-nymphs, shake

D

Their

Their bodies lithe, and antic limbs,
 In many a winding fold:
 The whilst old Pan, upon his oaten reeds,
 Amongst the shadowy glens bedropt with dew,
 Pipes out his wood-notes wild, and leads
 The blythe fantastic crew!

STANZA FOURTH.

She, fairest daughter of the sky,
 Holds in a golden chain
 The peopled earth, and wide surrounding main;
 Yet *She* on Love attends!
 On Love, whose self-inspired tongue,
 With sweeter elocution hung,
 The gods delighted hear:
 Even he, who in his iron car,
 Forth rushing dreadful to the war,
 Shakes his destructive spear!
 Even he to Love an easy prey,
 Yields up the honours of the day,
 And bends beneath his yoke.
 See where amongst the Heav'nly throng,
 With haughty strides he tow'rs along:
 Lo, he goes forth in terrible array,
 Before him Fear, and Flight, and pale Dismay!
 His gloomy eyes dart forth contagious fire,
 But Love has touch'd the golden lyre,
 And warbled forth his song.

STAN-

STANZA FIFTH.

Sooth'd with the found of the soft-swelling chord,
The stern avenger sheaths th' avenging sword:

The fading laurels wither on his brow:

But see where myrtles vivid blow,

Spontaneous roses ruddy glow,

And in a flow'ry chain

Around the monster god they wind!

The fell destroyer of mankind

Is bound a while, and his fierce mind

By lovely Venus ta'en!

Lull'd in her milk-white arms to soft repose,

His furious soul subsides;

His flaming eyes no longer glare

Along the plated files of war:

But if the goddess chides,

He clasps her ling'ring to his savage breast,

And sinks well pleas'd into Lethean rest!—

O may he never wake again,

To plague those ill-devoted men,

Whom his malign beams guide;

Far off be labour, toil, and pain,

Far off the wild and cruel reign

Of Mars the homicide!

STANZA SIXTH.

But hail to thee, thou mother of delights!

Soft are thy wars, and pleasing are thy fights,

Thou daughter of the wave !
 Thy aspect bland, and genial pow'r,
 Within the violet-spotted bower,
 Within tho crystal cave
 I own delighted, whilst I kiss
 The blue-ey'd Phillis, plung'd in blifs,
 In extasy unknown
 To those whom mad ambition fires,
 And through a sea of blood inspires
 To wade up to a *Throne* !

An invitation to Miss WARB—RT—N.

ALREADY wafted from th'empurpled meads,
 Of blest Arcadia, with soft vernal airs,
 Zephyr had op'd the tender buds, that fear'd
 Th'inclement sky: And now the genial sun
 His vivid beams o'er herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
 Effuses, and calls forth the wanton spring
 In all her charms. — And shall she spread around
 Her honey'd treasures and delicious bloom,
 Whilst in dark cities pent, 'midst noxious fumes,
 My Am'ret wastes the rosy hours, nor heeds
 Their nectar'd sweets; unmindful how expand
 The new-born leaves, or how th'enlivening ray
 Paints ev'ry flow'r with green and native gold ?
 O come, thou fairest flow'r ! by Nature's hand

Made

Made not to bloom unseen, where ardent love
 Invites! and, 'midst the love-inspiring gloom
 Of HAGELY shades, deign tread the rural haunts
 Of universal Pan: for there he dwells,
 And those his lov'd retreats, where shadowy woods
 Weave leafy arches 'cross the gushing rills,
 That ever and anon from airy heights
 Descend; and, gurgling through the op'ning vale,
 Glide smoothly onward, whilst the Naiads mark
 Their calm soft course. — Such was the blissful scene
 By fine poetic fancy view'd of old
 In Tempe's vale; where the delighted gods,
 With wood-nymphs, danc'd in chorus, to the tune
 Of pipes and voices sweet; whose charming sound
 The mute herds mov'd, and held their savage hearts
 In rapture:—but not she who on those plains,
 With graceful step, led on th' eternal spring,
 Fair Flora, nor the nymph whom gloomy Dis
 Beheld in Enna's grove, and instant lov'd,
 With *Thee* cou'd be compar'd; nor could their charms
 So touch the heart, or raise so pure a flame.

An extempore Rhapsody, the 21st of March

1771.

I SAW brave Wolfe cut off by rigid fate,
 And doom'd to death in manhood's earliest date.

I

I too by sacred glory fir'd,
 And by the love of fame inspir'd,
 On that same memorable day,
 In honour's bed twice breathless lay;
 But 'was no bed of down!
 A softer bed was that, I ween,
 In which the fair adult'ress queen
 Was laid of old in Asian Troy,
 By the young vig'rous Phrygian boy;
 And sweeter was his lisping Helen's note,
 Than thro' the rattling cannon's iron throat
 The voice of high renown!
 Farewel then, horrid god of arms!
 Thy blood-stain'd laurels have no charms
 For men who think like me.
 By day, by night, hell's yawning gates disclose
 A vast abyfs, where centre human woes:
 The hero too must see
 The cold and dreary house of death,
 When he resigns his forfeit breath;
 He, like the vilest village-hind,
 Must leave the joys of sense behind,
 And fester in his shroud.
 The sons of men, by nature doom'd,
 Alike must rot within the tomb,
 An undistinguish'd crowd.
 Therefore let's live, while live we can;
 Short is the space, and small the span,
 That's giv'n by Heav'n to mortal man.

And

And for my part, I'd rather live a night
In Y****'s arms, than in th' historic page.

Survive old Brutus many an age :

For, Don Apollo, by your leave,

I never heard a muse could heave,

Or give or take delight :

But Drury-Lane hath many a dame

That can both raise and quench my flame ;

And, taken at a pinch,

* * * * *

On Mr ***** , at Venice, in J--- 1770.

SPRUNG from a fire by man and God accurst,
Vile amongst villains, 'midst bad men the worst ;
With Borgia's vices blended Nero's art,
A dog in forehead, and a slave in heart ;
Heap crimes on crimes, and on thy blasted head
Curses, not loud, but deep, industrious spread :
By thy damn'd father's curs'd example fir'd,
With pious zeal for holy fraud inspir'd,
Onward proceed, till crumbled into dust,
From earth to hell, from men to devils thrust,
Thou,

Thou, 'midst the damn'd, shall shine a glorious name,
Thou who, by just hereditary claim,
In burning hell a demagogue shall sit;
Who, when on earth, for hellish deeds most fit
T' unite oppos'd vices ne'er did miss,
Thyself a *wicked, vile Antithesis*.

An Invitation to Mrs A——A D——.

Wrote at Ghent in Flanders, the 23d of March
1769.

COME, love, and let us k-ss away
The gloomy night, the gaudy day;
For life is short, and in the cell
Of dusty death no pleasures dwell.
Haste then, let's live, while live we may;
Soon shall we tread the darksome way;
Soon shall, in death's oblivious night,
Those radiant eyes give up their light;
Soon shall that warm enchanting breast
Be to the worms a welcome guest!
Come then, A——a, softest maid,
Ere yet thy youthful blossoms fade;
Come, and thy l—bs around me twin'd,
To love unbounded yield thy mind:

Heighten

Heighten my joys, improve my bliss
 By one long, l—s, l—d kifs!
 And when thy h—d shall find those p—s,
 Where love shoots forth his keenest darts;
 In those soft moments r—d me c—g,
 In clasping circles, like a ring:
 So shall we both contented prove
 Th' unequal'd joys of mutual love.

THYRSIS and MIRA.

An ODE to Miss WAR—T—N, in the Year 1763.

M I R A.

O SAY, fond youth, what secret charm
 Could thy inconstant bosom warm,
 And kindle such a flame;
 Whether the pleasing poison lies
 In lips, or cheeks, or locks, or eyes,
 And what its magic name?

THYRSIS.

'Tis not, dear girl, thy angel face,
 Tho' there united modest grace
 With dimpled love I see;
 'Tis not thy sweetly brilliant eyes,
 'Tis not thy beauteous bosom's rise,
 That charm my soul to thee.

E

A

A sp-t there is b--w the w-ft,
 With ev'ry wanton pleasure grac'd,
 Wherein that charm doth grow;
 That charm whose magic power can move
 All that is m-n, to sue thy love,
 And to thy beauty bow !

All that I wish is in my s--n;
 A treasure what 'bove glory can,
 Or laurel'd fame impart.
 Give me then, nymph, that precious r--d,
 That sweet, that s-ft, that fl---y bound,
 And cool my glowing heart.

In Nobilissimi Viri Comitum Savorgnani Laudes.

EPIGRAMMA.

DESINE certare, et dominos agnosce togatos,
 Et cede Adriacis Padua victa vadis.
 Namque regit domitas Regina Venetia terras,
 Et late omnifero dat sua jura Mari.
 Scilicet et soror et magnæ spes altera Romæ
 Sustinet antiquum, non violanda, decus.
 Tuque olim claris splendens, Savonna, tropæis,
 Et patria et propria nobilitate vicens;

Nunc

Nunc cape pacificam humano sine sanguine laurum,
 Donaque finitimis invidiosa locis.
 Nam tibi, Olimpiacis iterum dux optime ludis,
 Gloria non humili cinget honore caput.

Presented, with a Basket of Flowers, to Earl
 TEMPLE,

In the Year 1765,

By a Child, in the character of QUEEN MAB. *

BY magic wheels thro' air convey'd,
 I come from Kew's mysterious shade;
 Where, in his much-lov'd olive grove,
 The *Thane of Bute* lies sick with love!
 And with him lurks, in close disguise,
 The goddess with a thousand eyes,
 Imperial Policy, of late
 Y'clep'd the demon of debate;
 Of loud debate, of lawless might,
 Of tyrant rule, of sov'reign right:
 For though with ever-new delight
 I wing the silent gloom of night,

* This is an unfinished fragment.

Or sailing down th' Arabian breeze,
 Drink honey'd fragrance from the trees
 Of Eden's valley, where the rose
 Of Sharon, wildly scatter'd, blows.

An Extempore by Lord LYTTLETON, in Italy,
 Anno 1770.

HENCE Prostitution ! low-debasing vice !
 From thee all human evils took their rise :
 Thou like a foul and tempting hag appear'st,
 Though oft disguis'd Love's livery thou wear'st ;
 With gaudy colours o'er thy swarthy face,
 Thou tempt'st th' unwary to thy rank embrace ;
 But when inclos'd within thy filthy arms,
 Down drops the visor ! and, in lieu of charms
 And soft endearments, thy foul ulcerous breath
 Exhales disease, and fosters latent death.
 Thee, happy thee, in shades of blackest night,
 A devil and a witch got out of spight ;
 And therefore do'st thou shun the sun's broad light. }
 Thee once I follow'd ; and, with furious gust,
 Resign'd my youth to thy intemp'rate lust :
 But never more will I, a victim led,
 Ascend thy loathsome, meretricious bed ;
 For there no pleasures dwell, but foul Desire
 Feeds on itself, and burns with sulph'rous fire :
 There

There Love disdains to come ; but, in his stead,
 Repenting Anguish rears her snaky head.
 There the red Anger storms ; — there pallid Fear,
 In grinning horror, drops the frantic tear ;
 There ravenous Rapine hourly prowls for prey,
 And vengeful Hatred seeks the midnight fray.
 There I beheld, in secret ambush laid,
 The desp'rate felon draw his murd'rous blade.
 Medea's charms are there, and those drug'd bowls
 Which give the human figure bestial souls.
 Avaunt, thou hell-kite ! nor within thy maw
 Vainly attempt, by treach'rous art, to draw
 One who has felt thy sting, and bar'd thy horrid claw !
 For know, a blooming dame is mine, whose face
 Voluptuous Venus has endow'd with grace
 And sweets ineffable ; whose every smile
 Can soothe my care, and ev'ry wo beguile.
 Her I, transported, more than life esteem ;
 She is my life ; and without her I deem
 This world a waste ; where no delights are found,
 Save those which in her circling arms abound.
 There is my heav'n ! and there what raptures dwell,
 No voice can utter, and no tongue can tell !

RETIRE-

RETIREMENT.

LET others now great Fortune's favours gain,
 And toil for gold thro' many an anxious night;
 Let others throw, with trembling hand, the main,
 Shrinking like ghosts before the morning light.
 Farewel for ever to the glitt'ring prize,
 Obtain'd with hazard huge and mingled wo:
 Superior now to fickle chance I'll rise,
 And schemes of pow'r and dreams of wealth forego.
 Then welcome, HAGLEY! welcome dark retreats!
 Where noise and folly hate alike to dwell;
 Welcome, ye quiet bowers, ye mossy seats,
 Ye woodland slopes, and calm-sequester'd cell!
 Let the shrill clarion call the brave to war,
 And fleets with fleets in desp'rate conflict join;
 Compos'd I'll hear the tumult from afar,
 Whilst mild content and pleasing love are mine.
 Enough for me to pass the blameless day
 In rural care and undisturb'd repose;
 To mark the tender shoots that welcome May,
 And view each bud and blossom as it blows.
 But when the angry winds shall drive the storm
 Furious and loud along the wintry sky,
 How doubly sweet to clasp a tender form,
 And, plung'd in bliss, in Delia's arms to lie!

There,

There, lull'd to sleep, to hear the patt'ring show'r
 Against my windows thick and frequent beat;
 To hear the tempest its whole battery pour
 Of driving snows and cold life-chilling fleet.
 With thee, my Delia, happy I'll abide,
 Scorning to seek that air-blown bubble Fame;
 With thee on downy wings the hours will glide,
 Tho' sunk my honours, and forgot my name.
 Enough of glory; who wou'd now be great,
 Or in bought senates stem corruption's tide?
 Fall'n is my country, sunk this abject state,
 And tam'd for ever England's gen'rous pride!
 Enough of glory; who wou'd govern slaves,
 That feels the fire of freedom in his heart?
 Who wou'd, of mind erect, court garter'd knaves,
 Or in base councils bear a groveling part?
 See where, in yonder abbey's hallow'd walls,
 Enwrapt in dust, our guardian genius * lies;
 With him the mighty arch of empire falls,
 With him each spark of patriot-virtue dies.
 But still the muse, in some impervious glade,
 May weave the brighten'd visions round my head;
 May shew how crowns are lost, how kingdoms fade,
 And call before me all the glorious dead.
 And thou, my Delia, may'st to tranquil bliss,
 Temper each swelling thought and vain design,
 Soothing my troubled mind by each soft kiss,
 Till all my heart, engross'd by love, be thine.

* Lord CHATHAM.

On

On thee I'll gaze, when my last hour shall come,
 And twine around thee my cold quiv'ring hands;
 Yet, yet, I'll keep thee! now the yawning tomb
 For ever holds me in Death's icy bands.
 Then shall the starting tear bedew the cheek;
 The tears of love shall burst along thy face;
 Within thy melting eyes thy soul shall speak,
 When thou shalt lay me in my narrow place;
 In that dark place, where vainly thou shalt call
 On him, who once transported heard the sound.
 He's gone for ever — quit his mourning pall;
 Deaf in his dust, and dumb the clammy ground,
 Meantime, while fate permits, to thy warm waist
 Close, yet, O closer! clasp me ere I go;
 Ten thousand thousand kisses let me taste,
 Ere cloud-cast Death shall strike th' unerring blow.
 Soon haggish age will frightful havock make,
 And turn each brown lock into pallid grey;
 Nor can I give thee joy, or joy partake,
 In the still evening of life's-closing day.
 Now, then, while vigorous blood thro' ev'ry vein
 Excites to love, and love's delicious heat;
 Now let me to my breast my Delia strain,
 Feed on her bloom, and equal raptures meet.
 But first two grateful altars will I raise:
 On one Victorious Fortune shall be plac'd;
 The other shall to secret Venus blaze,
 With many a verse and many a rose-bud grac'd.

The

The KISS of LOVE; or, LOVE and VIRTUE,

A DIALOGUE,

VIRTUE.

HOW dar'st thou, profligate, invade these lips,
Where his own perfumes hallow'd Hymen sips?
Why dost thou glote upon these chasten'd eyes,
Where, like a flaming cherub, Honour lies,
And keeps a jealous watch o'er plighted vows,
Nor thy lewd glances, profligate, allows!

LOVE.

Say rather, Virtue, why do kisses cling
On those moist lips, dropt from Love's rosy wing,
And young desires with wanton writhings play,
And bask delighted in those orbs of day?
Those splendid orbs, that dart contagious flame,
While prayers avail not —————

VIRTUE.

————— Cease thy impious blame,
And thy unhallow'd voice! for Virtue's heart
Disdains thy jargon, and derides thy art.
Vainly thou try'st thy serpent wiles! my mind,
Of nobler temper and superior kind,

F

Looks

Looks up to Heav'n; and, hovering o'er the blaze
 Of light æthereal, and eternal rays,
 Spurns at this mould'ring earth. — Thy pallid cheek
 And downcast looks, these awful truths bespeak.
 Spread then thy painted wings and glossy plumes,
 Shed o'er thy vot'ries thy diseas'd perfumes;
 Draw tight thy silken chords, thy shafts prepare;
 Wound the voluptuous, strike the yielding fair,
 Daughters of flesh and blood! — but cease to prove
 Virtue's strong shield, and dread the bolt of Jove.

L O V E.

Well hast thou, Virtue, re-assum'd thy state
 In pomp of words and swell of high debate;
 Whilst me thou deem'st of low ignoble race,
 A frantic tyrant, with a boyish face!
 Hast thou forgot, when through the struggling deep
 Of chaos hush'd, who bad the tumult sleep?
 Hast thou forgot, when 'midst the desert sky
 Even Virtue's self no glimmering light could spy,
 Who call'd the sun in beauty to his place,
 And gilt the glitt'ring globes that spangle space?
 Who tun'd the spheres, who fill'd them with delight?
 'Twas *Love* that broke the universal night;
 Spread sweet proportions and harmonious grace
 O'er Asia's Eden, and o'er Hamet's face!
 And still the same as from th' Eternal sprung,
 When with my fire I o'er fair Nature hung,
 And press'd her, yielding, from my puissant sway,
 Thou goddess, thou reluctant must obey!

VIR-

V I R T U E.

Delusive tempter! shall not Virtue stand
 Above thy pow'r, and free from thy command?
 Shall she not, guarded by *herself*, on high
 Wing her bold flight, and seek her native sky?
 Shalt thou supplant her; shall *she* feel the glow
 Of those mix'd tumults thy frail vot'ries know?

L O V E.

O dame unequall'd! great indeed thy name;
 High is thy birth, and awful is thy fame!
 Yet hear thy suppliant, nor unequal strive
 Against that pow'r which bids even nature live:
 Didst thou not feel, when, clasp'd within my arms,
 I kiss'd those lips, and strove to warm those charms;
 Didst thou not feel insinuating fire
 Shoot from thy heart, and unknown joys inspire?
 Didst thou not feel thy throbbing pulses beat
 With rising transports and delicious heat?
 O, if thou didst not, most unrival'd dame!
 Thine be the glory; but not mine the blame!
 I saw thee, Virtue, pregnant with delight;
 I saw thy charms, and kindled at the sight;
 Again shall kindle, tho' from those bright eyes
 A thousand thousand armed cherubs rise;
 Though living lightnings from those orbs should fly,
 Love will gaze on; and, gazing, seek to die
 In his own æther! —————

V I R-

V I R T U E.

————— On thy honey'd tongue
 And gilded words too long has Virtue hung :
 But tempt not Heav'n, lest from that arduous height
 Thou fallest purblind, or of erring sight :
 Nay, answer not ;—for sure some magic spell
 Dwells on thy voice, and from thy smooth lips fell.
 Soft is thy speech, and charming to the ear ;
 But venom'd all, and dangerous as thy leer.
 Thy flame is witchcraft ; with voluptuous art
 Down it descends, and glides along the heart.
 My pow'rs are mov'd ! a pleasing poison creeps,
 And my whole soul in listless languor sleeps.
 No boy art thou ! but of celestial force,
 Striving to stem ev'n Virtue in her course :
 Whate'er thy purpose, on what views intent,
 Or mov'd by virtue, or on evil bent,
 No longer tarry ; hie thee hence away ;
 For see where Prudence marks thy fond delay,
 And captious Caution angers at thy stay.

THE END.



